

4636 Jones & Co

SUPPLEMENT

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO

One thousand Seven hundred
Thirty-eight.

[Price One Shilling.]

SUPPLEMENT

TO

One thousand seven hundred
Thirty-eight

[Price 30s. 6d.]

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A

SUPPLEMENT

K

^{T O}
James Oglethorpe

One thousand Seven hundred
Thirty-eight.

Not written by Mr. P O P E.

—Hoc te

Crede modo insanum, nibilo ut sapientior ille

Qui te deridet caudam trahit— HOR. Lib. ii. Sat. 3.

—*Uni æquus virtuti, atq; ejus amicis*—Idem.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the Oxford-Arms, in Warwick-Lane.

M D C C X X X V I I I.

A
SUPPLEMENT

TO
One thousand Seven hundred
Thirty-eight

Not written by Mr. POPE

—He is

Great mind is given, while it is given to the

But it is not the same as the — Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

—The same as the, and the same — Idem.

L O N D O N



Printed for J. Roberts, near the Old Swan, in Warwick-Lane.

MDCCLXXXVIII

SUPPLEMENT

T O

One thousand Seven hundred Thirty-eight.

A.  HAT! still intent on bus'ness, books, and
rhimes?

B. Musing a little, Sir, upon the times!
Whether our buroughs, when they read their writs,
Chuse next a house of statesmen, or of wits;
If *Haddock*, when his fleet has drank enough,
Brings back to *Britain* peace or war—or snuff:
If *Philip* dreads, or at our navy sneers,
And wants to crop a few more *English* ears:

I fear what may, and may not come to pass,
Which keeps me oft from church—sometimes from mass.

A. IN politicks and ink you dive so deep,
 You scarce have time to pray—much less to sleep!
 O'er midnight lamps your eyes so often tire,
 Your oil must cost you half as much as fire.
 Waste not your flesh in fretting schemes and care,
 Who seem not to have very much to spare;
 And to preserve your body sound and whole,
 Ah, buy, my friend, less candle, and more coal.

B. THE impulse, friend, can never be withstood;
 I wake by turns, and sleep for *Britain's* good;
 Busy in dreams to bring the day about,
 When freedom may get in, and slavery out:
 When *St. J—n* may once more direct the chair,
 And tell us truly, who is *England's* heir;
 I tremble for my country—A.—Well you may,
 Which seems not to regard one word you say—

Whoe'er

Whoe'er you curse, she owns their actions fair,
And reads you backward, like a witch's prayer:
Your knaves, like folks at *Rome* who think amiss;
For those she damns, are almost sure of bliss.

For, ah! as many now, tho' you compose,
O'er a learn'd satire, as a sermon doze:
For print each month, and publish what you will,
Arts pine, quacks flourish—*R-ck* and *M-rg-n* kill.
The voice of censure *St-ff--d* disregards,
And takes each week a shilling for his cards!
Say all you can, if possible say more,
Danvers will still lie on, and *vestals* whore.
Libels well meant, brib'd courts will not acquit,
Poor *Haines's* ears in pain for *Caleb's* wit.
Knave to nice honour, fool to sense pretend,
And tho' you preach and lash—but gently mend:
What! cure an atheist with a satire's touch—
The scriptures, Sir, would almost do as much!

DROP then that wild opinion of the times,
 That folks are better made by wit and rhimes:
 Shall pert *Apollo* converts hope to gain,
 When *Whitfield* preaches—*Bunyan* prints in vain.
 'Tis just as if your crazy muse should say,
 If *Sb-r-l-ck* cannot save you, *Phœbus* may;
 The poets, fewer than the prelates' flaws,
 And *Clio*, a much better guide, than *Dawes*.

REFORM, or not, your muse is amply crown'd,
 If each rich satire pays you fifty pound:
 Since *Horace* half so much cou'd never clear,
 In his whole life, as you in half a year
 If you buy farms and manors with your rhimes,
 What has a muse to do with courtiers' crimes?
 If the sheets sell, what is't to me or you,
 Who cheats, or whores; whose spouse is false or true?
 The poet first himself is to befriend;
 'Tis his to get—'tis other folks to mend.

If he subscribes—let T— have still his way,
 Print for one king, and for another pray:
 A piece from him, will build, or buy, or both,
 As well as from a priest that minds an oath:
 Your business, Sir, is to encrease your rent,
 Ne'er minding who sin on—or who repent;
 A guinea from a saint, to you no more,
 Nor sweeter, than a second from a whore.
 If *Japhet* lives without, or with an ear,
 Your walks are just as neat, and springs as clear:
 You have not, Sir, one plumb or cherry less,
 Tho' *Gr—th* lies, each time he sets his press:
 Chuse then whoever you please for cheat, or knave,
 You save the gold—the soul let parsons save!

But since hemm'd in with *villains* all around,
 Not one lean virtue near a court is found:
 Why heap'd on C—m such rare gifts, and grace?
 B.—What? ask a reason? when he lost a place!

Whoever quits his golden key or staff,
 I reverence, I adore——while others laugh!
 For the new convert each with zeal contends,
 For *George's* foes, are always *Danver's* friends.
 Thy fame, oh *Sw-ft*, the new-made Tory sings,
 Scoffs at a crown, and scorns, or libels kings:
 We pour the patriot chrism, and in a trice,
 You view him clear, and purg'd of every vice.

A. SURE against reason here you seem to strive!
 What? knaves at ten, and honest folks at five?
 Say, dearest poet, does the convert tribe,
 Brib'd in the morn, that evening hate a bribe?
 Does the old thirst so soon the soul forsake?
 Is it, they will not——or they cannot take?
 Does *St--*'s pure air, or *Dawl--y's*, in an hour,
 Cleanse just like soap; like purgatory scour?
 Do courtiers change their manners, and their names,
 Calling for boats, and sailing cross the *Thames*?

On sunday false, and faithless to their trust,
 Shall the next tuesday own 'em good and just:
 Whole years of guilt, two days conversion smother,
 Knaves on one side the stream, and faints on t'other.
 To rail at courts if *H—rv—y* should begin,
 Tell me, wou'd *H—rv—y* have one single sin?

B. You sneer——with me 'tis gospel all you say!
 You know not, friend, the influence of a day.
 Three hours with *Sb—n*, or with me to sit,
 The rake becomes a saint, the fool a wit:
 Not quite despairing, if we took the pains
 To furnish ev'n a *Gazetteer* with brains!
 With love of freedom we inspire the slave,
 Make courtiers modest, and make cowards brave!
 Good *P—y*'s gracious titles without end,
 Our high, our low, our Whig, our Tory friend,
 Each side by turns whose genius wisely hits;
 His king's, his country's——your's and our's by fits:

Pleas'd, *Janus* like, a various face to shew,
 One views th' *Exchequer* and one deers on *Stew.*
 Yet changing oft, each change no patriot fours,
 He still is steady—since the last was our's!

A. BLEST *Tw—m*! scourge and cure of every vice!
 What reformation's finish'd in a trice?
 Here, to refine your sense, and mend your tail,
 Sages of *Bedlam*, nuns of *Drury* fail,
 At *Temple-stairs* you may each vertue lack,
 Yet swim a *Cato*, or a *B—d* back:
 Thine, mystick *Thames*, like *Lethe's* drowfy waves,
 Where fools forget they ever have been knaves!
Rome's deities a change as nimbly make;
 See there a God—last moment 'twas a cake!
 A turn as quick in *H—n* you view,
 Corrupt at *H—nt—n*, and quite good at *K—w.*
 With freedom, he has all his heart can wish!
 Offer a post—my Lord wou'd only pish!

Refuse a staff, which might his virtue stain,
 And gives you back your dangerous gift again!
 Say with what eye on *Spencer's* son you look!

B. AH, Sir, the *Colonel* has quite spoil'd the *Duke*!
 Vertues more fair, no hero once could boast;
 He step'd across the way, and half were lost;
 One after one in fights we saw them fall,
 Till kissing *George's* hand, he spoil'd them all.

A. FOR those who bribe with hopes, with shade reward,
St. James's is, and ever was too hard!
 No youthful son of *Churchill*, won so soon,
 With flirt, and wit, as fame and a battoon.
 Tho' pleas'd awhile, he cou'd not long admire,
Amb-t's thin flash, like *Marlborough's* glorious fire;
 Tir'd with this patriot's chat, that patriot's scheme,
 Tho' all begg'd hard—he cou'd no longer dream.
 Full to his ravish'd thought, all *Blenheim* rose,
 Mark'd out his fire's, and shew'd him *Britain's* foes!

But

BUT say, suppose, for once, soft words you gave,
 Nor call'd this Peer a coxcomb, that a slave :
 Nor carrying courtiers frailties quite so high,
 Made 'em mistake sometimes—but seldom lie !
 Your old friend *Horace*, never wrote so keen,
 As when he felt his muse quite free from spleen.
 When call'd he a fine *Roman* lady whore ;
 She lik'd a mask, perhaps—but seldom more !
 From an arch look, or leer, the bard might guess,
 She had one frailty—and but few have less :
 Whate'er he thought, hard words he seldom gave ;
 Ev'n *Fog*, with him, had scarce been rogue, or knave :
 The lash he lent, without a pain you bore ;
 Gentle his hand, whene'er it touch'd a sore.

B. WITH fraud and guilt I never cou'd be nice,
 Play with a crime, or piddle o'er a vice !
 I seldom parry'd, when the cause was just,
 But drew at once, and boldly sped the thrust.

My

My heart too honest, when it found a flaw,
 To tremble—and not dare arraign the law;
 Its voice oft prostitute, its power accurst,
 Which often hangs the good, and saves the worst.
 To things, you know, I ever gave right names,
 Call'd *B--ngb--ke* my friend, my sovereign *J--mes*:
 Ne'er bending to that brow I ought to scorn,
 The cuckold found, I always shew'd the horn.
 One Peer or two my fondest smile possest;
 You know my thoughts and judgment of the rest.

A. YOUR country's faith you ought to let alone!

B. You know I laugh as often at my own:
Luther and *Loyola*, whene'er I see
 Room for a sneer, are saints alike with me!
 The Joke, by turns, all churches have a part in,
Peter the fool to-day—to-morrow *Martin*:
 A little outside virtue, and no more,
 Just pray, and cross—and the grave farce is o'er!

Confess

Confess each morn, salvation to ensure,
 At six, how wanton! and at ten, how pure!
 While heaven, as suits my various humour best,
 Has now and then a prayer, and oft a jest.

A. Who censure others, should from guilt be free!

B. You know my soul; and why all this to me!
 In life the colours different, yet we lack,
 And chuse for satire, nothing but the black;
 Search for the flaws, and frailties of the mind,
 And leave its beauties, all unmark'd, behind.

A. You seem like *Indians* at a feast, who prize
 The guts, before the shoulder, breast, or thighs.
 Thus nature's fairest births are let alone,
 And nothing but a monster, hits a *St-n*.
 Thus maggots the sound parts all skipping o'er,
 Fall on—and feed more sweetly on the fore.

B. You

You ask good nature here—a goodly thing!

Fog with a blush—and satire void of sting!

A. But say, should justice not be shewn in rhimes,
Which ought to mix our virtues with our crimes?

O'erlook a fault; or where our faults prevail,

To throw our merits in, and poise the scale?

Even *W—lt—r*'s self may be the wretches friend,

And pinching some, to others give or lend.

C—bb—r, who never blush'd, when touch'd with grief,

May throw sometimes a shilling to a brief!

Fond of good books, make heaven his Sunday's theme,

And let a fortnight pass—and not blaspheme—

Rakes sometimes pray, tea-tables oft are grave,

And *Danvers* something both of saint and knave!

B. For Dukes and Actors see one common rod;
Trembling at me, while they deride their God!

Mitred or furr'd, all finners I arraign,
 And fix the brand, where'er I find the stain :
 A court intrigue is ne'er play'd off with jokes,
 But maids of honour clapp'd, like other folks.
 If both are haughty, loose, perfidious, proud,
 Why spare a Dutchess, and yet cart a dowd ?
 Throw but the herald, and the 'scutcheon by,
 And majesty has no more grace than I.
 The poet is no more, that idle thing—
 Give him the *Ermin*, and you view the *King* !
 If both are vile, let then the satire own
 No difference 'twixt a cottage and a throne ;
 Resolv'd no star or staff in courts to spare,
 Till thou, once more, oh *St. J—n* ! shalt be there,
 With thy pure virtue, and thy patriot grace,
 To wipe off half the scandal of the place.
 Faith, honour, courage, planting round the throne,
 A train of goodly gifts—and all thy own.

A. ON none the seal of upright can you fix ?

B. ON

B. ON next to none——on hardly two in six!
 I often strove indeed to add two more,
 But vext myself in vain, to make 'em four!
 The court and church were ask'd, If they cou'd shew
 A third good man——and softly answer'd——No.

A. YET all besides, the faithful statesmen own;
 See *D-rf-t*, *P-ll-m*, *L-ml-y*, round the throne.
 Whose voice, if once you hear, you must attend,
 And like each line, tho' spoke against a friend;
 'Tis *Greece* or *Rome*, you think, your ear does strike,
 The sense so manly, and the stile so like!
 If merits charm, and virtues void of art,
 Praise *S——pe's* zeal, and envy *W-lp-e's* heart;
 If sense is priz'd, to guard and grace your isle,
 See *C-mp-n* there——if courage, see *A——le*.
 There *R-chm-d* for his country's safety wakes;
 Pays back the crown each honour that he takes:
 Each kind good-natur'd virtue, long his own,
 Who to be lov'd, wants only to be known.

There born to make his sovereign's care the less,
 Whom widows smile to meet, and orphans bless;
 From innocence in tears who wipes the gloom,
 And holds the scale, *Fair Justice*, in thy room,
 See *H-rdw-k* near the royal couch attend,
Britain's lov'd guardian, father, judge, and friend;
 Whose candid sentence, and unblemish'd heart,
 From envy's self extracts the venom'd dart:
 In secret forc'd to own the pious name,
 And breathe a sigh, because she cannot blame!
 His virtues by each other so surpass'd,
 The first seems fairest—till you know the last.

ONE more, if satire please, one more be nam'd,
 Learn'd, without noise—and without titles, fam'd;
 Who likes the virtue, yet disdains the shew,
 And seldom lost a friend, or made a foe!
 Content to want himself repose and rest,
 That *Brunswick* might be fear'd, and *England* blest;

Ah, blush not, *Onst-w*, to be humbly great,
 Tho' on no woolpack, on as fair a feat;
 Which *Britain* for her son has twice prepar'd,
 To pay his virtue, and his toil reward:
 Nor blush, this grateful offering to approve,
 This gift—this something between pride and love.

SINCE then you like retirement, shades, and ease,
 Say! wou'd not panegyrick better please?
 With *Ch-nd-s'* name, or *Scr-p's* enrich your lays—

B. I've rail'd so long, I scarce know how to praise.
 Believe me, of your scheme I often think,
 But ne'er cou'd buy a pint of flattering ink;
 Think as I please, direct it as I will,
 Nothing but satire follows from my quill!

A. PLANT royal virtues in your sovereign's breast—

B. FATHER and Son, by turns, have been my jest!

A. WRITE

A. WRITE somewhat moving of *Britannia's* Queen,
If *Cl-rk*, and *H-ro-y* have not rais'd your spleen.

B. WITH libels on her reign, on ev'ry shelf,
Her praise wou'd be a satire on myself.

A. THE council want a line—*B.* A line to gain
To grace their conduct, let 'em send to *Spain*!
Both in their fame with equal lustre meet,
Britain's calm captains—and her peaceful fleet.

A. SAY something of the Bishops—*B.*—All I can,
One is a candid, one a decent man:
For *B-rkey's* heavenly worth I pass my word,
And strive—but cannot praise beyond a third.

A. I NEVER knew, till you explain'd the case,
That decency was deem'd a christian grace!

If B. FATHER and SON, by turns, have been my self!

A. WRITE

If this adorns a mitre, then perchance
 You'd like their Lordships better, cou'd they dance :
 For pious ends might bows and smiles be given,
 And *Lallee's* step be found a step towards heaven !
 Yet tell me, gravely, how you fix the smart,
 Yet at no single bosom aim the dart !
 Why shou'd its point, or *Y-n-g*, or *H-rv-y* gall,
 Directed, nor at this, nor that, but all ?
 Since if a falsehood in a rhyme they spy,
 It is not you, but *A.* and *B.* that lie.

B. THO' one my satire dreads, and t'other blames,
Bufo and *Bavius* are unmeaning names !
 Folks call it libel, when there's nothing in't ;
 I but translate—'tis *Don* and *Horace* print.
 The town quite wicked, and quite guiltless I,
 Those only make the libel, who apply.

A. THE Reverend atheists then, you shew'd to please us,
 Were priests, no doubt, of *Juno*, not of *Jesus* !

Some *Pagan Flamens*, by your satire drawn;
 Not *Christian*——for their sleeves were not of lawn.
 It ne'er cou'd be *L-and-ff* you meant to blame,
 For see, two vowels wanting in his name!

If then the pain you can so long survive,
 And, without *Lashing*, keep two months alive;
 I yet may guide you to a generous friend,
 If 'tis not too much torture to commend!
 Tho' nothing courteous yet your muse has done,
 With ten smooth lines may *Atticus* be won;
 No man on earth with more good nature lives,
 Nor can you sin, so oft as he forgives!
 Pity, when each to each may be so dear,
 You yet shou'd live so distant, and so near!
Tw—m not far remov'd from *Richmond's* bower,
 A frog, or you, might hop it in an hour!
 Here, after a fatigue, your muse might find
 A shade quite cooling, and a Patron kind!

Retir'd from noise, and batt'ning at your ease,
 Chuse pheasant, quail, or ven'son—which you please;
 Hear what *Verfeilles*, and what the *Turk* pursues;
 For oft, at court, he often reads the news.

FORCE nature then—and something civil say;
 If satire cannot touch him, flattery may!
 Tho' he may seem to pish, and scorn your lays;
 The firmest heart has a hole left for praise:
 If not—'tis but ten verses thrown away,
 From fifty, which you scribble every day.

B. APPLAUSE runs heavy in my muse's strain,
 I lash with rapture, but commend with pain!
 His schemes no more revil'd, and conduct curst,
 I wou'd methinks be honest—if I durst.

A. A FRIENDLY line or two his ear may strike!
 Tho' 'tis not praise, say something that is like!

If not so keen as *W-ll*'s to find a flaw,
 You'll let him know a little of the law.
 Tho' not the *Y-rk*, and *T-lb-t* of the age,
 You'll place him on a bench at least with *P-ge*.

B. Who in that heart can hope a place to find,
 Which must be weak, before it can be kind?
 To the best virtue own a frailty near,
 And e'er it can forgive, betray a fear!
 Each post, and bulk, and door, and alley's ends,
 Half hid with jests, or libels, on his friends:
 Ah! what avails one soothing fulsom page,
 A smile, much less a friendship to engage!
 Some fool perhaps a glozing line may hit,
 But by a sham, was e'er the statesman bit?
 Who, tho' you hide the tail whate'er you can,
 Can still discern the monkey from the man—
 Thro' the great patriot I the friend can view;
 But, ah! the soul that pardons, pierces too!

In the smooth phraze can trace the hid distain,
 And venom mixing with the oily strain.
 Seen through by him, the false adorér's vows,
 The smile, that curses—and the rage, that bows.

A. 'Tis better then laugh on, than hope to gain
 His smile, by that applause, you only feign.
 But why on *P-x-on* shou'd you squirt your gall?

B. IF hid from you, 'tis else well known to all!
 The largest shower shou'd on his head descend,
 Who spoil'd a gracious plot—and hang'd my * friend!
 O'er a nice scheme when e'er we meet at night,
 In rush his *mirmidons*, and marr it quite:
J-mes is our theme; when dreaming no such thing,
 They bring us news, and tell us, *George* is king.
 Tho' guiltless each, the law will none acquit,
 But calls that treason, which we meant for wit.
 For an arch song, tho' fill'd with airs divine,
 'Tis ears, and eggs——'tis *Newgate*, and a fine.

Those lines attack the council, these the king,
 Says ***, when we meant a different thing—
 In vain for justice to the bar we fly,
 Gibbet and jail, is all the courtier's cry!
 Blest freedom this—fair isle, thy boast and glory!
 When courts that spare a *Whig*, shall cart a Tory!

A. SINCE foes to sacred wit, the cruel laws,
 Have some sharp fangs, and others scratching claws;
 Ah, hear for once an open friend advise,
 Teaching the wisest poet to be wise!
 Invert your stile—and panegyrick sell;
 Nothing, if managed right, goes off so well!
 You stare, perhaps, and ask the reason why—
 Their virtues all—few folks their sins will buy!
 A tribute here from good and bad you raise!
 Who takes your purse, will thank you for your praise.
 Tho' false the praise, since all themselves adore,
 The more you lie, 'twill please your friends the more!

Make *Craftsmen* true, and make fine ladies pray,
Both will forgive, and for the fallshood pay.

B. THO' not their own, yet know in prose and rhimes,
Most people love to buy their neighbours crimes;
Who send to *D-dd*, and for the scandal press,
For publick vices make our own seem less!
Chartres had *Wild's* memoirs on every shelf,
To feast on rogues more noted than himself!
While *Ph-ll-ps* does thro' reams of *Bridewel* pore,
Blessing her God, to meet a greater whore!
Her sister sinners take of heaven's dire curse,
And she is good, because a few are worse!

SATIRE besides, keeps troops of wits alive!
Print truth, you starve; print legend, and you thrive!
Smooth lies on senates now, and now on Kings,
Whate'er you fancy, Sir, are gainful things,
They arch our grotto's, and they pave our springs!

Five fibbs in *Gr—fib* selling oft more dear,
Than fifty truths in *Freeman's Gazetteer* !

A. Tho' virtue's praise each page of your's, begins,
You seem to make much more of peoples sins ;
Guilt is your gain, 'tis honesty you fear !
A court of saints undoes you in a year :
Your muse and you must have been begger'd quite,
Had all been like your *D—an*, so chaste and white.
In vain relying on one single fault,
To sell a pamphlet, or to earn a groat.
Wou'd you enlarge your fame, or fortune raise,
Guthrey and you must wish for wicked days ;
Shou'd courts no longer bribe, or villains hang,
How shou'd the poet lash, or priest harangue ?
The ages vices keep you both alive,
Which must be rampant—or you cannot thrive !
Shou'd future fate withdraw its gracious smile,
Nor plant a race of worthies in our isle,

To cheat in *Bl-m's*, and forge in *Caleb's* stead,
 Satire on bulks must beg her daily bread ;
 Or to a harder fate submit with tears,
 To sup with Dunces, and with Gazetteers.

B. HENCE folly does herself almost acquit ;
 For folly always finds a theme for wit :
 Shou'd statesmen cease to dream, or senates prate,
 Nor blunder on the same old blessed rate :
 Satire cou'd ne'er maintain its empire long,
 In waggish emblem, or in pointing song :
 Nor the arch cut, or frontispiece convey,
 What libel is asham'd, or fears to say :
 This breaks the statute, yet the law defies ;
 For who can prove a *print*, or *picture* lies :
 Better that dulness still should reign, say I,
 Than liberty's best guardian, wit, shou'd die !
 Whose sacred power when empires once despise,
 Welcome plague, famine—or a new excise.

Make our religion small, our credit less,
 But grant us still our scandal and our press!
 Freedom farewell, when satire once is flown;
 Adieu fair virtue last—when wit is gone!
Dean, Drapier! haste to guard thy own great gift,
 More dear than pulpits, or a prayer, to *Sw-ft*.
 Still from the cart and jail, let this be freed,
 And if you save your jest—ne'er mind your creed: *
 Else, now with juries, now with goals perplexed,
 Down goes the libel first, and Kingdoms next.
 Shou'd tyrant laws its honest rights invade,
 Good heaven protect our bibles, and our trade!
 Since *Pb-l-p*'s self is more afraid to meet,
 With *Danvers*' journal, than with *Haddock*'s fleet;
Spain's gold has bid our cannon oft give o're,
 But ne'er cou'd silence *his*, or *Budgel*'s roar:
 In freedom's cause still busy, brave, and bold,
 Tho' ticking for each single sheet he fold.

* See *Tale of a Tub*—passim & ubique.—

A. SINCE then by no unkind entreaties mov'd,
 Your wish, is to be dreaded, more than lov'd;
 Welcome tall strutting prose, and low sublime!
 And *Caleb's* reasons, propt by *W-fl-y's* rhyme!
 Come pointless periods, and unmeaning spite,
 Where kissing, verse, and vanity unite;
 Now keen, now clumsy—right and wrong by fits,
 Which aims at one, and oft another hits.
 Oh, come! the *Tw—m* leer, and *D—l—y* flirt,
 Satires that love to hiss, but rarely hurt;
 That die and stink, a thousand in a day,
 And seldom for the *Poet's Porter* pay!
 Still round and round in one smooth circle fly,
 The precious fiction, and the pious lie!
 Wit, that, like eccho, only lives in sound,
 And stirs a laugh, where it design'd a wound!
 Bedews its maudling eyes with many a tear;
 And weeps at evils—heaven knows what, or where!

BUT since a friend's advice you scorn to hear,
 And still prepare the lash, you cannot fear ;
 The breath I want, no more I throw away,
 But while you censure, rather chuse to pray !

“ GENIUS of *Britain* ! spread thy guardian wing
 “ O'er thy lov'd isle, and round thy FAV'RITE KING.
 “ Into her wounds, ah, pour the healing balm,
 “ Smooth her rough passions, and her discords calm ;
 “ (One sacred life * now rescuing from the grave !
 “ Since saving one, thou may'st an empire save !)
 “ Give her, nor, oh, the pious wish disclaim,
 “ Or war with triumph ; or a peace with fame !
 “ Whoe'er invades, her freedom to defend,
 “ And scorn that foe, she cannot make a friend.
 “ Where'er her cannons roar, or crosses fly,
 “ Plant dread, and flight, and each pale terror nigh !
 “ Let *Iber* tremble, and let *Calpe* fear
 “ Soon as her navy's conquering flags appear !

- “ While the same colours fright each hostile shore,
 “ Which wav’d on *Raleigh*’s mast, and *Drake*’s before !
 “ Reaping fresh laurels from the vanquish’d main,
 “ To wipe away, at last, *Almanza*’s stain !
 “ Pour in each heart a thirst of upright fame,
 “ And death with honour, before life, with shame !
 “ With courage let her awe, and virtue charm
 “ Each realm that courts her smile, or slights her arm :
 “ Not fond of P E A C E, if peace wou’d but enslave ;
 “ Nor dreading W A R, if war alone can save.”

F I N I S.



" While the same colours fight each hostile shore
 " Which wav'd on Raleigh's mast, and Drake's before!
 " Resping fresh laurels from the vanquish'd main,
 " To wipe away at last, America's stain!
 " Pour in each heart a thirst of upright fame,
 " And death with honour, before life, with shame!
 " With courage let her awe, and virtue charm
 " Each realm that courts her smile, or flirts her arm:
 " Not fond of P E A C E, if peace wou'd but enslave;
 " Nor dreading W A R, if war alone can save."

F. V. W. 2

